

wyd? by cupidsintern

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Coming Out, Conflict Resolution, Established Relationship, Gen, Internalized Homophobia, Lesbian Nancy Wheeler, M/M, Reconciliation, robin and barb are both mentioned

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-05-31

Updated: 2021-05-31

Packaged: 2022-03-31 20:36:29

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,149

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Babe?” Billy’s voice on the phone again.

“Yeah,” Steve exhales. “Nancy, uh. Sounds pretty bad actually.”

“She reeling you in with that act?”

“I don’t think it’s an act, Bills.” Steve sits up straighter. “Something’s wrong.”

He’s typing out a vague enough response when the next text comes in.

Nancy: I think I’m gay

Then-

Nancy: Can I call you?

wyd?

Author's Note:

hey lads ao3 wont let me format this right for some reason so sorry in advance <3

Steve's on TikTok when the text comes in. He's doing better lately, good enough that he can get baked by himself and not worry about spiralling. Instead he made a peanut butter marshmallow sandwich and listened to his most recent playlist all the way through like eight times and texted Robin for a while- she's visiting family, lots of 'Steve pls come rescue me pls '- and now he's on TikTok.

It's not late-late. But it's not early. And he knows Nancy and Jonathan are having *issues*- he heard about it from the kids who don't get that gossip is not helpful to feelings- but he didn't know they went on a break. Until he gets the text.

10:46pm - 1 New Notification

Nancy Wheeler: Hey

Typing...

Nancy Wheeler: Haven't talked in a while. How are you?

Steve clicks the notif bar. He stares at the text. It's not like he never talks to Nancy. She's just not *Baby* <3 in his phone anymore. Hasn't been for a while. He used to wonder what Jonathan put her as in *his* phone.

Steve can scroll up to see previous texts- *Hey i had a doctors appointment during third did you get the homework outline? And Lucas left his water bottle at our house! Mike has it with him*

And, more recently: *Happy Birthday! Hope it's a good one :)*

But this feels different. This singular 'hey' in its own grey bubble kind of puts Steve on edge. He doesn't respond right away, figures he should text Robin to ask if he's just being paranoid first but- shit she went to sleep didn't she. And while he's typing out a "Hey when you wake up" message to Robin he gets *another* notif.

Nancy Wheeler: Jonathan and I are on a break

Then,

Nancy Wheeler: Sorry, I probably shouldn't be texting you haha. Just wanted some company i guess

Steve feels a hot flash of anger. Rolling in his stomach like lava. Jesus he's too high to be this angry.

He picks up his phone again.

Types out "fuck you" and deletes it and then "thats understandable but maybe you should text one of your other friends" and then deletes it and then types out "why are you texting me were not friends; and then deletes it and then-

Clicks back, scrolls down, and texts Billy.

You: R u still awake?

Steve gets a response within seconds.

Billy <3: aw do u miss me or smth?

Billy <3: gay

That makes Steve smile. Makes the anger cool down considerably, and he sits up a bit in bed.

You: Yes but also

You: Nancy texted me?

Billy <3: about what

Billy <3: about how she broke up with Jonathan?

You: H o w do you already know that

Billy <3: i know everything. Why'd she text you??

Steve gets another notif from Nancy. He doesn't want to open it.

Luckily, he doesn't have to right away. Billy calls him.

“No one’s home.” Is Billy's opener. “Speak freely.”

“Good evening to you too.” Steve says, relieved to have the sound of Billy’s voice to lean into.

“So what does Wheeler want?”

Steve’s thumb hesitates over the notif bar.

“She said her and Jonathan are on a break and she ‘wants company.’”

“Wow.” Steve can hear poorly concealed jealousy in Billy’s words.
“That’s. Wow.”

“Don’t be j-”

“I’m not jealous.”

“Oookay.” Steve laughs a little. He still hasn't opened Nancy’s text.

“Are you going to respond?”

“No fucking way, man-” Steve starts, then another text.

Unread message: I need someone to talk to. I don’t know who else I could ask.

Steve’s brow furrows.

“What happened?” Comes Billy’s voice.

“She, uh.” Steve opens the chat finally. “Hang on.”

You: Hey

You: Seems like you're in a tough spot. Not sure I'm the right guy. Maybe you could talk about it with a closer friend?

Nancy: That's just it.

Nancy: I don't have any friends.

Nancy: I have no one else. Johnathon was the last person left I was close with and i fucking blew it. I have no idea what to do i'm lost and confused and i just really really could use someone to talk to.

Typing...

Nancy: Please

"Babe?" Billy again.

"Yeah," Steve exhales. "Nancy, uh. Sounds pretty bad actually."

"She reeling you in with that act?"

"I don't think it's an act, Bills." Steve sits up straighter. "Something's wrong."

He's typing out a vague enough response when the next text comes in.

Nancy: I think I'm gay

Then-

Nancy: Can I call you?

I think I'm gay.

That's. Okay. That's... something. Something that kind of makes

sense now that Steve thinks about it, connects a lot of dots Steve didn't know were floating around but.

Jesus, Nancy must be having a heart attack.

"Billy, I have to call you back." Steve says, then realizes the kind of push back he's going to get on that.

"Call me *back* ?" High and mighty already. "You can't just ditch me with a 'call you back' when your ex is actively *weedling* her way-"

"She's not weedling. She's not doing well and she has no other friends."

Silence.

"Please don't pout-"

"I'm not pouting."

"Aw," Steve leans his head into the receiver a little. "If I say you look cute when you pout, will that hurt or help my case?"

"Hurt."

"Ok, I promise I'll call you back right after I talk to her."

"You fucking better."

Steve says "I love you" before he gets off the phone and is medium relieved to hear Billy say it back.

Steve calls Nancy. She takes a while to pick up. When she does, he can tell she's been crying.

"You didn't have to call." Is the first thing she says. She sniffs right at the end.

"Seemed like you were having. A rough night." Steve says. Her text hasn't fully sunk in, he's thinking about all the times she called him

crying. How they got more frequent right before the end.

"I shouldn't have bothered you, I'm sorry, you can go." Nancy's voice builds a little. She sounds frantic.

Steve can't really feel soft feelings about Nancy cause all of them just piss him off or ice his blood but. He's worried.

"No, no it's-" Then Steve hears the background noise. "Dude, are you driving?"

"I- w- yeah." Nancy sounds a little defensive.

"Oh my god."

"I just needed to clear my head! I know I shouldn't have called it just..."

Steve steeled himself for the words he knew were about to come out of his mouth. No matter how much of a hothead Steve could be (not as much as Billy but still), he was still a total pushover about shit like this.

"Do you. Want to come over?" Steve asked stiltedly. "If you're, you know, already driving around."

Nancy sounded relieved when she said yes.

When Steve got outside to meet Nancy's mom's car's headlights, it was raining.

"Hey," was the first thing he said when she walked up.

Looking at Nancy doesn't do much to Steve anymore. Not the way it used to. Not the way looking at Billy does now.

Looking at Billy feels how Steve assumes people in the way-back-when felt when color TV was invented.

Nancy looks as washed out as Steve thinks she feels.

"Hi."

“You wanna come in?”

Nancy hesitates. “I don’t. Want to impose.”

“It’s raining, Nance.”

She looks surprised, like she didn’t notice. “Oh.” then. “Okay.”

Steve steps back as Nancy walks onto the smooth tile right in front of the front door. It’s quiet enough after the door closes Steve thinks he can hear her hair dripping onto the ground.

“So,” Steve says after a bit. “Did you-”

“I’m sorry.” Nancy says suddenly. But it’s not the panicked little “sorry’s” from earlier, it’s a single, earnest one.

“For what?”

“Everything.” More tears are streaming down her cheeks now. “I know I shouldn’t have bothered you, I didn’t- I wasn’t a good girlfriend. Or a good friend. I just. I thought maybe I would know who I was if someone else did, but I didn’t. And I don’t have anyone else, and I remember when- when you told me you were bi when we were dating and I was weird about it but now i think I was just jealous- because- bec-” Nancy cut herself off, unable to keep going with the tears closing up her throat.

Steve swallowed pretty hard. “Because. You think, you’re gay?”

Nancy sat down on the floor.

“The floors all wet-”

“I know, Steve.” Nancy cut him off gently. He was familiar with the tone.

Steve looked at her, looked at the floor, and opted to sit next to her. The rain was hitting harder on the door behind them.

Nancy didn’t seem like she had anything more to say. Steve tried to think of something to ask.

“Why, uh. Why do you think you are?”

“I don’t know if I am.” She said quickly.

“Why do you think you might be?”

She sighed, pushed the wet hair off her face. “You don’t have to talk to me about this. I figure it probably doesn't feel good to hear.”

Steve hadn't thought of that. If Nancy is gay, that means she probably wasn't ever actually into him. Not just after a while, but from ‘go,’ it wasn't the same for her.

“Not great.” Steve admitted. “But. It isn't about me.”

Nancy sighed again. “Why are you so nice?” She mumbled. “Both you and Jonathan.” Then she teared up again.

“I thought maybe.” Nancy started up after clearing her throat. “That I didn’t... *feel* as much because. I was just with the wrong person.” She glanced sideways, clearly feeling worse with every word. “But. I didn’t. I just. I felt the same. Like something was missing.”

“You always feel like that?” Steve was kind of surprised. “Like, with every relationship?”

“Romantic ones, yeah.”

The rain got louder again.

“I was...” Nancy fought to say the next words. “I didn’t always feel like that.”

“With us?” Steve hopes a little. “Or with Jonathan?”

Nancy speaks a little softer, like it will soften the blow to Steve, to herself. “...With Barb.”

Billy was going to give Steve so much shit for falling for Robin *and* Nancy since it sounded like they were both gay. He already *had* gotten shit about Robin. “*This is a problem unique to bisexuals.*” had

been Billy's quip.

Nancy talked a bit more easily after that one admission. About why Barb's death hit her so hard. About why she felt bad for hurting Steve, how confused she was, how alone.

How she pushed everyone away except whoever held the position of boyfriend because she didn't ever feel right around people. But boyfriend seemed. Normal.

Steve was pretty familiar with feeling like he Should Do whatever was 'normal.' His parents weren't exactly pleased when 'being bi' turned out to be an actual thing and not just a family conversation they could keep pretending they didn't have.

Nancy was crying again. Said she was sorry again.

Steve hugged her.

It was pretty awkward. He was trying not to touch her too much and her hair got his sweater wet, but she tucked her face against his chest like she always used to.

Something about that clicked. How hugs had always felt closer for them than kisses. How maybe they had been meant to be friends, and just misread the signs.

Maybe they could be friends now. Maybe.

Nancy pulled away and wiped her nose. "Thank you."

"Yeah."

Steve checked his phone to let Nancy fix her face a little and then winced at the sheer *volume* of messages from Billy that popped up on his screen.

"What's up?" Nancy asked, leaning back over.

"Oh, just Billy."

"Oh god," Nancy grimace. "He can't have been pleased I came over."

Steve opened the messages. "He's not. But I told him it was important."

"You can. Tell him." Nancy said tentatively. "If you want. About what we talked about. About me."

Billy was gonna get a kick out of this. But Steve felt more somber about it than Billy probably would.

It was weird.

He'd been in Nancy's shoes. But he'd also been completely in love with her. So at once he was hurt and sympathetic.

But he also felt. Better.

Something about the two of them, Steve and Nancy, always seemed. Unfinished.

This was probably the close out they needed.

"I should call Billy back."

"Of course." Nancy looked almost embarrassed. "I can go-"

"Nah, stay a bit." Steve was standing up, unlocking his phone to a slew of "*wheeler has been on my shit list from day ONE*" and "*i know you'd never cheat like i know that i'm not crazy but my therapist said.*" Makes Steve smile at his phone. "I'll make you tea or something."